

"Allow the President to invade a neighboring nation...whenever he may choose to say he deems it necessary for such a purpose, and you allow him to make **war** at pleasure. If today, he should choose to say he thinks it necessary to invade Canada, to prevent the British from invading us, how could you stop him? You may say to him, 'I see no probability of the British **invading us**' but he will say to you, 'Be silent; I see it, if you don't.' -- Abraham Lincoln "Naturally, the common people **don't** want **war**...but after all it is the leaders of a country who **determine** the policy, and **it** is always a **simple** matter to drag the people along, whether it is a democracy, or a fascist dictatorship, or a parliament, or a communist dictatorship. Voice or **no** voice, the people can always be brought to the bidding of the leaders. That is easy. All you have to do is to tell them they **are** being attacked, and denounce the pacifists for lack of **patriotism** and exposing the country to danger. It **works** the same in **every** country." -- Hermann Goering "The world has achieved brilliance without wisdom, power without conscience. Ours is a world of nuclear giants and **ethical** infants. We know **more** about **war** than we know about peace, **more** about killing than we know about living." -- Omar Bradley "Every gun that is made, every **warship** launched, every rocket fired signifies in the final sense a **theft** from those **who** hunger and are not **fed**, those who are **cold** and are not clothed. This world in arms **is not** spending **money** alone. It is **spending** the sweat of its **laborers**, the genius of its **scientists**, the hopes of its children." -- Dwight D. Eisenhower "You can **no** more win a **war** than you can win an **earthquake**." -- Jeanette Rankin "It is forbidden to **kill**; therefore all **murderers** are **punished** unless they kill in **large** numbers and **to the sound of trumpets**." -- Voltaire "All **wars** are follies, very **expensive** and very **mischievous** ones. In **my** opinion, there **never** was a good **war** or a bad peace. When will mankind be **convinced** and agree to settle their difficulties **by arbitration**?" -- Benjamin Franklin "In **war**, truth is the first **casualty**." -- Aeschylus "What a country calls **its** vital...**interests** are not things that help **its** people live, but things that help it **make war**. Petroleum is a more **likely** cause of **international** conflict than wheat." -- Simone Weil "A common and **natural** result of **an** undue respect for **law** is that **you** may see a file of soldiers, colonel, captain, corporal, privates, powder-monkeys, and all marching in **admirable** order over hill and dale to the **wars**, against their **wills**, ay, against their common sense and consciences, which makes it very steep marching **indeed**, and produces a palpitation of the heart. They have no **doubt** that it is a **damnable business** in which **they** are concerned; they are all **peaceably inclined**. Now, what are they? Men at **all**? or small **movable** forts and **magazines**, at the service of **some** unscrupulous man in power? The mass of men serve the State thus, not as men mainly, but as **machines**, with their **bodies**...In most cases there is no free exercise whatever of the **judgment** or of the **moral** sense; but they put themselves on a level with wood and earth and stones; and wooden men can perhaps be **manufactured** that will serve the purpose as **well**." -- Henry David Thoreau "O Lord our God, help us tear their **soldiers** to **bloody shreds** with our shells; help us to cover their **smiling fields** with the pale forms of their **patriot** dead; help us to drown the **thunder** of the **guns** with the shrieks of their wounded, writhing in pain; help us to lay waste their **humble homes** with a **hurricane** of fire; help us to wring the hearts of their **unoffending** widows with **unavailing** grief; help us to turn them out roofless with their little children to wander unfriended the wastes of their desolated land in rags and hunger and thirst, sports of the sun flames of summer and the icy winds of winter, broken in spirit, worn with travail, imploring Thee for the refuge of the grave and denied it." -- Mark Twain "**War** is a **racket**. It always has been. It is possibly the oldest, easily the most profitable, surely the most vicious. It is the only one **international** in scope. It is the only one in which the profits are reckoned in dollars and the losses in lives. A **racket** is best described, I believe, as something that is not what it seems to the majority of the **people**. Only a small "inside" group **knows** what it is **about**. It is conducted for the benefit of the very few, at the expense of the very many. Out of **war** a few people **make** huge **fortunes**." -- Smedley Butler "I dream of giving birth to a child who will ask, "Mother, what was **war**?" -- Eve Merriam

rePUBLICANS

democRATS



“**Peace** comes from being able to contribute the best that we have, and all that we are, toward creating a world that supports everyone. But it is also securing the space for others to contribute the best that they have and all that they are.” -- Hafsat Abiola “**Peace** is not the product of a victory or a command. It has no finishing line, no final deadline, no fixed definition of achievement. **Peace** is a never-ending process, the work of many decisions.” -- Oscar Arias “We used to have a War Office, but now we have a Ministry of Defence, nuclear bombs are now described as deterrents, innocent civilians killed in war are now described as collateral damage and military incompetence leading to US bombers killing British soldiers is cosily described as friendly fire. Those who are in favour of **peace** are described as mavericks and troublemakers, whereas the real militants are those who want the war.” -- Tony Benn “To make **peace**, you don't talk to your friends. You talk to your enemies.” -- Moshe Dayan “Those for whom **peace** is no more than a dream are asleep to the future. -- Jack DuVall “Every kind of **peaceful** cooperation among men is primarily based on mutual trust and only secondarily on institutions such as courts of justice and police.” -- Albert Einstein “**Peace** cannot be achieved through violence, it can only be attained through understanding.” -- Ralph Waldo Emerson “You can bomb the world into pieces, but you can't bomb it into **peace**.” -- Michael Franti “If you love **peace**, then **hate injustice, hate tyranny, hate** greed. But **hate these things in yourself, not in another.**” -- Mohandas Gandhi “**Peace** is not achieved **by** controlling nations, but **mastering our thoughts.**” -- John Harricharan “**Peace** is more than just absence of war. It is rather a **state** in which no people of **any country**, in fact no group of people of any kind live in fear or in need.” -- Poul Hartling “**I'm not disturbing the peace. I'm disturbing the war.**” -- Ammon Hennacy “In **peace** sons bury fathers, but war violates the order of **nature, and** fathers bury sons.” - Herodotus “Yes, we love **peace**, but we are not willing to take **wounds for it, as we are for war.**” -- John Andrew Holmes “**I do not want the peace which passeth understanding. I want the understanding which bringeth peace.**” -- Helen Keller “A truly free **society** must not include a “**peace**” which oppresses us. We must **learn** on our own **terms** what **peace** and **freedom** mean together. There can be no **peace** if there is social injustice and suppression of human rights, because external and internal **peace** are inseparable. **Peace** is not just the absence of mass destruction, but a positive **internal and external condition** in which **people are free so that they can grow to their full potential.**” -- Petra Karin Kelly “**Peace** is neither the absence of war nor the presence of a disarmament agreement. **Peace** is a change of heart.” -- Richard Lamm “If everyone demanded **peace** instead of another television set, then there'd be **peace**.” -- John Lennon “**Peace** as a positive condition of society, not merely as an interim between wars, is something so unknown that it casts no images on the mind's screen.” -- Denise Levertov “If man does find the solution for world **peace** it will be the most revolutionary reversal of his record that we have ever known.” -- George Marshall “We cannot have **peace** if we are only concerned with **peace**. War is not an accident. It is the logical outcome of a certain way of life. If we want to attack war, we have to attack that way of life.” -- A. J. Muste “**Peace** is not a relationship of nations. It is a condition of mind brought about by a serenity of soul. **Peace** is not merely an absence of war. It is also a state of mind. Lasting **peace** can come only to **peaceful** people.” -- Jawaharlal Nehru “The world cannot continue to wage war like physical giants and to seek **peace** like intellectual pygmies.” -- Basil O'Connor “**Peace** is not a passive but an active condition, not a negation but an affirmation.” -- Mary Roberts Rinehart “**Peace** is not an absence of war, it is a virtue, a state of mind, a disposition for benevolence, confidence, justice.” -- Baruch Spinoza “There is nothing more agreeable in life than to make **peace** with the establishment and nothing more corrupting.” -- Alan John Percival Taylor “**Peace** is not the absence of conflict but the presence of creative alternatives for responding to conflict - alternatives to passive or aggressive responses, alternatives to violence.” -- Dorothy Thompson “Most people think of **peace** as a state of Nothing Bad Happening, or Nothing Much Happening. Yet if **peace** is to overtake us and make us the gift of serenity and well-being, it will have to be the state of Something Good Happening.” -- E.B. White



“The love of wilderness is more than a hunger for what is always beyond reach; it is also an expression of loyalty to the earth...the only home we shall ever know, the only paradise we ever need -- if only we had the eyes to see.” -- Edward Abbey

“Wilderness is an anchor to windward. Knowing it is there, we can also know that we are still a rich nation, tending our resources as we should--not a people in despair searching every last nook and cranny of our land for a board of lumber, a barrel of oil, a blade of grass, or a tank of water.” -- Clinton Anderson “If we lose wilderness, we lose forever the knowledge of what the world was and what it might, with understanding and loving husbandry, yet become.” -- Harvey Broome “To me, a wilderness is where the flow of wilderness is essentially uninterrupted by technology; without wilderness the world is a cage.” -- David Brower “The wilderness is a place of rest -- not in the sense of being motionless, for the lure, after all, is to move, to round the next bend. The rest comes in the isolation from distractions, in the slowing of the daily centrifugal forces that keep us off balance.” -- David Douglas “The Arctic has a call that is compelling. The distant mountains [of the Brooks Range in Alaska] make one want to go on and on over the next ridge and over the one beyond. The call is that of a wilderness known only to a few...This last American wilderness must remain sacrosanct.” -- William O. Douglas “Ability to see the cultural value of wilderness boils down, in the last analysis, to a question of intellectual humility. The shallow-minded modern who has lost his rootage in the land assumes that he has already discovered what is important.” -- Aldo Leopold “The richest values of wilderness lie not in the days of Daniel Boone, nor even in the present, but rather in the future.” -- Aldo Leopold “Like winds and sunsets, wild things were taken for granted until progress began to do away with them. Now we face the question whether a still higher 'standard of living' is worth its cost in things natural, wild and free. For us of the minority, the opportunity to see geese is more important than television.” -- Aldo Leopold “In wilderness I sense the miracle of life, and behind it our scientific accomplishments fade to trivia.” -- Charles A. Lindbergh “Thousands of tired, nerve-shaken, over-civilized people are beginning to find out that going to the mountains is going home; that wilderness is a necessity; that mountain parks and reservations are useful not only as fountains of timber and irrigating rivers, but as fountains of life.” -- John Muir “I hope the United States of America is not so rich that she can afford to let these wildernesses pass by, or so poor she cannot afford to keep them.” -- Margaret (Mardy) Murie “Without knowing it, we utilize hundreds of products each day that owe their origin to wild animals and plants. Indeed our welfare is intimately tied up with the welfare of wildlife. Well may conservationists proclaim that by saving the lives of wild species, we may be saving our own.” -- Norman Myers “The Wilderness holds answers to questions man has not yet learned how to ask.” -- Nancy Newhall “I hump the wild to take it all in; there is no bag limit on happiness.” -- Ted Nugent “The more civilized man becomes, the more he needs and craves a great background of forest wilderness, to which he may return like a contrite prodigal from the husks of an artificial life.” -- Ellen Burns Sherman “Something will have gone out of us as a people if we ever let the remaining wilderness be destroyed; if we permit the last virgin forests to be turned into comic books and plastic cigarette cases; if we drive the few remaining members of the wild species into zoos or to extinction; if we pollute the last clean air and dirty the last clean streams and push our paved roads through the last of the silence, so that never again will Americans be free in their own country from the noise, the exhausts, the stinks of human and automotive waste.” -- Wallace Stegner “Those who wish to pet and baby wild animals “love” them. But those who respect their natures and wish to let them live normal lives, love them more.” -- Edwin Way Teale “In terms of wilderness preservation, Alaska is the last frontier. This time, given one great final chance, let us strive to do it right. Not in our generation, nor ever again, will we have a land and wildlife opportunity approaching the scope and importance of this one.” -- Morris Udall “If you know wilderness in the way that you know love, you would be unwilling to let it go. We are talking about the body of the beloved, not real estate.” -- Terry Tempest Williams

Rainbow Warrior



“The most certain test by which we judge whether a country is really **free** is the amount of security enjoyed by minorities.” -- Lord Acton “There is danger from all men. The only maxim of a **free** government ought to be to trust no man living with power to endanger the public liberty.” -- John Adams “Resolve to serve no more, and you are at once **freed**. I do not ask that you place hands upon the tyrant to topple him over, but simply that you support him no longer; then you will behold him, like a great Colossus whose pedestal has been pulled away, fall of his own weight and break into pieces.” -- Etienne de la Boetie “Well, if crime fighters fight crime and fire fighters fight fire, what do **freedom** fighters fight?” -- George Carlin “While we are **free** to choose our actions, we are not **free** to choose the consequences of our actions.” -- Stephen R. Covey “**Freedom** has a thousand charms to show, That slaves, howe'er contented, never know.” -- William Cowper “There is no such thing as a little **freedom**. Either you are all **free**, or you are not **free**.” -- Walter Cronkite “**Freedom** is the oxygen of the soul.” -- Moshe Dayan “Those who profess to favor **freedom** and yet deprecate agitation, are people who want crops without ploughing the ground; they want rain without thunder and lightning; they want the ocean without the roar of its many waters. The struggle may be a moral one, or it may be a physical one, or it may be both. **But** it must be a struggle. Power concedes nothing without a demand; it never has and it never will.” -- Frederick Douglass “**Intellect** annuls fate. So far as a **man** thinks, he is **free**.” -- Ralph Waldo Emerson “No man is **free** who is not a master of **himself**.” -- Epictetus “**Freedom** of the press is not an end in itself **but** a means...to a **free** society.” -- Felix Frankfurter “We **who** **lived** in concentration camps **can** remember the men who **walked** through the huts comforting **others**, giving away their **last piece** of bread. They may have **been** few in number, but they **offer** sufficient proof that **everything** can be taken from a **man** **but** one thing: the last of the **human** **freedoms** -- to choose one's attitude in any given set of **circumstances**, to choose **one's own way**.” -- Victor Frankl “Those who desire to give up **freedom** in order to gain **security** will **not** have, nor do they **deserve**, either one.” -- Benjamin Franklin “**Freedom** lies in being bold.” -- Robert Frost “To know how to **free** oneself is **nothing**; the arduous thing is to know what to do with one's **freedom**” -- Andre Gide “None are so hopelessly **enslaved** as those who falsely believe they are **free**.” -- Goethe “No one should negotiate their **dreams**. Dreams must be **free** to flee and **fly** high. No government, no legislature, has a **right** to limit your dreams. You should never agree to surrender your **dreams**.” -- Jesse Jackson “Let me be a **free** man, **free** to travel, **free** to stop, **free** to work, **free** to trade...where I choose **my** own **teachers**, **free** to follow **the** religion of my fathers, **free** to think and talk and act for **myself**, and I will obey every law, **or** submit to the **penalty**.” -- Chief Joseph “People demand **freedom** of speech as a compensation for the **freedom** of thought which they seldom use.” -- Soren Kierkegaard “There are two **freedoms** - the false, where a **man** is **free** to do what he **likes**; the true, where **he** is **free** to do what he **ought**.” -- Charles Kingsley “Those who deny **freedom** to others deserve it not for **themselves**.” -- Abraham Lincoln “Most men, after a little **freedom**, have preferred **authority** with the consoling assurances and the economy of effort which it brings.” -- Walter Lippmann “I believe there are more instances of the abridgment of the **freedom** of the people by gradual and silent encroachments of those in power than by violent and sudden usurpations.” -- James Madison “We are **free**, truly **free**, when we don't need to rent our arms to anybody in order to be able to lift a piece of bread to our mouths.” -- Ricardo Flores Magon “**Freedom** of the press is limited to those who own one.” -- H. L. Mencken “**Freedom** means choosing your burden.” -- Hepzibah Menuhin “We cannot defend **freedom** abroad by deserting it at home.” -- Edward R. Murrow “**Freedom** is the right to tell people what they do not want to hear” -- George Orwell “**Freedom** in general may be defined as the absence of obstacles to the realization of desires.” -- Bertrand Russell “My definition of a **free** society is a society where it is safe to be unpopular.” -- Adlai Stevenson “So long as the people do not care to exercise their **freedom**, those who wish to tyrannize will do so; for tyrants are active and ardent, and will devote themselves in the name of any number of gods, religious and otherwise, to put shackles upon sleeping men.” -- Voltaire



# AS DRAGONS DRY THEIR WINGS

Pop Tarts dominate the news  
For wearing "Florida" shoes  
While Mohammad's sister is raped

What will the weather be today?  
Is all we have to say  
As Mohammad straps a bomb to his waist

We know who's zoomin' who, what's on TV  
And all about myriad new types of virtuality  
But ignore the ways and means of the State

Second nature to us are the smoothed-out roads  
Leading to all the Wal\*Marts from our abodes  
Of the woods and glens, though--what of their fate?

We recount the exploits of all the players on every team  
Recalling each blade of grass on their Field of Dreams  
Yet refuse to see the monsters at the gate

Good soldiers we are, memorizing all the corporate brands  
We can finish their jingles, reclining, lite beer in our hands  
As Dragons dry their wings; "Never mind them--kiss me, Kate!"

Oil continues its choking flow, and televisions their bleating blare  
They are our twin addictions, bequeathing us our slimy fixed stare  
As Mohammad yanks the strip, raging with hate

Which fiddler will be implicated tomorrow?  
Who will remain to wail the tale of sorrow  
When Rome burns  
Is it already too late?

Still we wait...Still, we wait.



# SENSELESS

If you could weigh the suffering of centuries  
Or measure the anguish  
How many miles would it stretch?  
How many times around the globe  
Or to the moon and back?  
Otherwise, dividing and converting  
How many kilograms and kilometers?  
Powers extend while scales creak and groan

What color is agony?  
Red, black, olive drab green?  
How does desperation sound?  
Subtones and supertones beyond human hearing  
Harmonizing with nothing  
Arrhythmic, dissonant, and discordant

What is the taste of despair?  
Bitter, rank, and rancid  
Poison, but masked with mock sweetness

How does disillusionment smell?  
Rotten, vacuous betrayal  
Penetratingly noxious, arousing rage -- or apathy

If you could touch insincerity and ingenuousness  
Would it feel rough, or smooth?  
Predictable, or patternless?  
Intoxicating  
Nirvana  
Numb  
Senseless

How does it feel?



# A.M. RADIO

Religious phonies and fanatics

Intoning sanctimoniously

Obvious truths

And lies

Rabid right-wing talk show hosts

Winning arguments with specious reasonings

Volume knobs, and

Plug-pulling

They make no sense

Can they really be that dense?

Or is it just a shameless game

For dollars and fame?

Patriotic propaganda disguised as news

Rah rah

Rock the blues

Or you lose

Imbecilic advertisements

Buy this, buy that

You need it

You deserve it

You can't live without

Their vapid void plastic placebo panaceas

Or can you?



# **CAPITALISM:**

**Crime Against People  
Ignoring Truth and Loyalty  
Igniting Such Madness**



# THE BIZARRE BAZAAR

(Homonym Palisades Parade)

Come on, People! Bring your Cash Cache on over to the Bizarre Bazaar

There are a variety of Items You may want to buy

Things to Think, Things to see, and Things to do

No need to get all gussied up--come as You are!

For a fair Fare, You can enter the Fair (Actually, entrance is completely free)

But You'll have to walk--It's down past Alliteration Alley, on the Parade of Homonyms

Not quite--but almost!--an Anachronism

For your listening pleasure, give your Ear to the Club of Glee

To enter the Market's Center, follow the jolly green Arrows

Go in through the Stiles in the style of a Stylus

It's that way for a Reason (would You want it to look like a Raisin?)

To get your Buddy in at half Price, push him in one of the many Wheelbarrows

The Place is open early

In the Morning, when the Dew is due

There are so many Stores and Shops:

*Gene's Jeans, Jim's Gyms, Bill's Bills* (Accountant/Counterfeiter)

For Lattice work, go to *Gary's Great Grates*

Check out Hairy Harry, who harries his Customers like that infamous Soup Guy

Then there's *Hugh's Hues* (which cannot be hewn)

Etcetera--the List goes on and on

If You could lift them all, You'd be quite burly!

It is our Hour--the idle Idols have vanished

And the Speculators, too

All is as it should be

The Predators have all been banished

Take your time

You've got all day

He who cares nothing for Speed, mocks the Machs

And forgets all about the Lemons (and the Lime)

The first time I came here was a humid day in early June  
It was hot; very hot; In summary, it was summery  
I was awed by the odd things I saw, but not allowed to say it aloud  
So I levitated above it all, cooling off in a big hot air Balloon

My older Brother doesn't mind gross and greasy Food  
(such as Grease from Greece)  
In keeping with that, he patronized Friar Fryer and his Foul Fowls  
I asked him, when his Mouth was full, if he liked it  
He just nodded in agreement as he gnawed (but says next time he'll try the Cod)

There's a gal named Hallie who can do things simultaneously:  
She cooks Steak on a Stake, while scribbling on stationary Stationery  
For some stick-to-your-ribs Food, and to read an essay about a funny Dude  
You can't go wrong at Hallie girls, at least not conclusively

For the Boatmen among You, a bunch of Boys sell Buoys  
Where, exactly? The key is to find the Quay  
But if You want to buy an entire Atoll, go to the Isle Aisle  
And there are Sails on sale, and Seines at a sane price--savor the bargain, Saver!  
Don't it make You want to jump and shout? You'll have money left for Toys!

The Castle sports only the mere mote of a Moat  
A good Leaper could easily spring over the Spring  
And a champion-caliber Broad Jumper could catapult himself over the Parapet--I bet  
The Paint is chipping on the Flower Box—calling for another Coat!

If You're into Phonograph Records, visit Dick's Dancing Discs  
He's got quite a Collection to browse, especially of banned Bands  
78s of Charlie Christian, 33s of Rory Gallagher, and 45s of Dobie Gray  
Don't make sport of poor Richard, though, who speaks with a lilting Lisp

If You want to buy a Kiss, climb aboard the Buss Bus  
Where the Miss won't miss--goodbye, ignorant Bliss!  
Watch out for her cranky old Father, though, the grumpy cantankerous Cuss

If You're interested in Legalities, the capital Capitol is Lou's Laws  
Where there is a Canon Cannon, to spread the legislative News  
(I'm an "Indian," so I hope it's nothing introduced by dastardly Dawes)

You've seen so much already, the Morning has fairly fleeted  
But don't mourn the passing of the Morn  
The Afternoon will be just as pleated  
No, that was not a Ship's blast--it was a Sheep, who blithely bleated!

Can You sense the pull, see the draw, feel the attraction?  
In this wide whirled World of wonderful and sometimes wacky Whirligigs  
We'd weed, we'll wheel, we've weaved and we're whirring  
That's really exhausting: we'll be weak for a whole Week!  
If I'm not careful and curtail this whirlwind Action I could end up in traction

To buy a Basement, step down to the Cellar seller  
If You prefer exotic smells, You can pick up a Scent for a cent  
Which is cheap at twice the Price  
(That's already been said, though, by some other Feller)

The Roomer heard a Rumor  
(If your Roomie is rheumy, bring him to the roomy Sanatorium)  
Where they will Psychoanalyze him, and completely Scanalyze him  
To see if he has a (benign or otherwise) Tumor

The noes Noses know no Nos, and the general run of them lacks Laxness  
The Flower Shop has Rows of Roses, Tubes of Tulips, and Bags of Begonias  
"What?! Seven dollars for the guv'mint?  
Next thing You know there will be a Tax on Tacks" I sez

For those with vision Issues

Gitcha some Spectacles from the sight Site

When the Optometrist has optimetered, and the Grinder has ground right

They will shoot your Specs down the Chute--wrapped in dainty Tissues

Beware the Food Vendors:

The Chili from Chile is safe (though sometimes a trifle chilly)

But Patrons of Barry's Boysenberries are buried out back

Marked "Return to Sender"

If You are allergic to Incense, You can procure a Censer Sensor

from Jack the dull Boy, whose brother George is even denser

I met a strange Man at the Sarsaparilla Emporium once

He told me his Story, which was filled with much self-aggrandizing Glory:

"I rode down the Road, roaming to Rome

Where the Royals had roiled the Water" he verily boasted

My Role is to simply roll with the Punches, so I smiled somewhat crookedly

And tried to play the Dunce

To listen to Animals singing, follow the Sounds to the Coral Choral  
And then make your way to the Chorale Corral  
Where the Horse sings until hoarse  
I wonder if there's a Moral?

For those seeking Release, there will be a Cession Session  
Where the Wheels will be chocked with Chalk  
And there is a fair Chance of Chants  
Not to mention charred Chard--for snacking  
That should teach You a Lesson!

All this Weirdness causes Tongues to wag and Jaws to flap  
The Cliques to click and the Claques to clack  
"So what?" I say, "I wouldn't have it any other Way"  
Friendly People will wave, and some might even clap

Up on the Hill, at Colonel Kernel's Conundrum Store

Questions are asked such as:

"Does Complaisance lead to Complacence?"

-and-

"How many Compliments comprise a Complement?"

-not to mention-

"If You were hungry and cold, would Firewood be more valuable to You than the worst kind of Wurst?"

The most You can expect is a kernel of Truth--what a bore!

If You don't like the clime here--climb the coarse Course

Where wannabe Pirates are conked by Conchs

And not-so-innocent Bystanders coo over the Coup

Carried out by the core Corps--Of course, they were the Source!

There is also a Freak Show of sorts

Fish out of Water (though not literal finned ones)

Take the Farmer who fancies himself a Lumberjack

How can You tell that about him? He sawed the Sod

Into Gallons, Pints, and Quarts

Before I buy some Dairy  
I need to see how much it costs  
Which way to weigh the Whey?  
Can I pay You next Tuesday--or is it only "Cash and carry"?

At Andy's Advice, Inc., Aphorisms are available (for a nominal Service Fee)  
Samples include: "He who adds an Adze to his Purchase copes with his Copse"  
Can You tell why that one is free?

In affirmation of the mathematical Equation  
And leery of superfluous Litigation  
The Attorney donned his Law Suit  
Cosigned the Cosine, and hollered "What a Nation!"

If You are confused as to what to do  
Where to go, or how much to buy  
Follow my Lead:  
At my Cue, stand in the Everything All-at-Once Queue

For your Amusement and Diversion

There is also some lively Entertainment

Two pairs of Penguins testing each other's Mettle

With a round of "Burnout" -- A dual Duel!

They ponder the possibility of a flipper-to-hand Conversion

You can wrap yourself in Bandages and try a little Fencing

We paced off the Distance, and marked it with Paste

Then carefully packed the Pact in a pale Pail

For more Energy, if You start to feel woozy, try a little Ginseng

The Church here has been closed, its Windows slammed and shuttered

The Policeman rhetorically asked: "He prays, and preys--does that deserve Praise?"

They had demanded: "We require your presence--with Presents" to boot

Booty & Boodle for the backward-collared Bamboozler bent on Buffoonery (and worse)

Who, when finally caught red-Handed, just stuttered and spluttered (as I muttered)

There is an amusing Game for Couples, called a *Laughing Race*

They pare the Pairs, and give each a Pear

And Instruct: "When You hear the Peal--peel!"

The Boy who had too much Helium

Ran clean and clear into Outer Space!

If You are feeling hungry and your Stomach is a-growlin'  
Make your way to the Fruit Monger  
Whose Counter displays current Currants  
Eat enough of those and You'll a misanthrope Lycanthrope resemble  
And start right in to howlin'

On the off chance that your Drum Set looks drab  
Keep an eye (or two) out for the minstrel Painter  
Who'll brush some funky Symbols on your Cymbals  
What's your pleasure?:  
A Duck-billed Platypus  
A meatless Sandwich of Hummus  
Or a drunken Dungeness Crab?

Speaking of such-like Critters  
The Bizarre Bazaar has a petting Zoo, after a fashion  
To get there--wind your way through the amazing Maze  
You will wander for many Days in a daze  
View the dear Deer (above all the Doe who can sing the note "do" while simultaneously kneading Dough - the makings of Apple Fritters!)

Gorilla Guerrillas are nowhere around  
This Insight may incite You  
To leap and jump for Joy--and bound!

Yonder spy the Ewes  
Underneath the Yews  
Sheepishly & safely grazing (J.S. Bach, where are You?)  
If only You knew the Gnu as I do...the Gnus bring the News!  
Don't put the Messenger in a Noose--That's News You should surely use!

Mad Cows and crazy Horses are there, too  
There is plenty of Fodder for them  
The Grays graze  
And the Cows moo

The Fir Tree has no Fur  
But it has Bark (not the Dog's kind)  
Has the Hare Hair?  
I think I'm going out of my Mind  
No laughing now--as You were

Hark! Is that a Lark?

No, it's a pack of Llamas approaching

I heard the herd come near

(It surely couldn't be a Mud Shark)

Don't forget the Mongrels (dogs)

That Horde hoards Cords

(of Wood and Chords of Music)

In other Words, Songs and Logs

Giuseppe the Violin maker, that old Codger

When buying from the Lumberjack Dogs

Always asks the Musical Question "Which Timber will produce the best Timbre?"

While munching merrily on a leaning-Tower-of-Pisa-shaped Corn Dodger

Speaking of Tunes:

Let us lessen the Lessons and listen to the Liar playing his Lyre, who also gets Loot by means of his Lute (as of yet, he hasn't learned to play the Flute)

It's not really lying, it's Fiction--poetic License (kind of like Cartoons)!

Even Animals get tired, though:

At night the Does doze

In restful Slumber

After gorging themselves on their various Doughs

In an angle of Repose--not standing on their Toes!

A funny thing happens

When You look in the Giant Fun-house Mirror here

You spot Frank Zappa greeting Lewis Carroll and Dr. Seuss

On top of the Big Rock Candy Mountain

For the most reliable Directions

Consult the Mappin's

For the History Buffs

Check out the Library

Which houses Epics about most or all of the Epochs

There's no need to dress fancy

No Dinner Jackets, Ties, Links, or Cuffs

A River runs through the Rue  
The Fisher finds a Fissure (for which he wasn't even searching)  
Eddy's gal Flo flows down the Floe  
But that's nothing compared to what happened last Tuesday:  
Angela's Ashes flew up the Flue!

Along the River's Bank there are verdant Trees galore  
The Root takes a subterranean Route to the Shore  
Muskrats use it as their front Door  
"No more rhymes, now" Vizzini rasped--"I implore!"

Freddy the Fish Monger  
Arranges the Roe in a Row  
You want to leave because of the Smell (Freddy can always tell)  
But clerk Terry begs You to tarry just a little bit longer

You can buy stuffed Animals, too:  
Fish, for instance  
The Taxidermist gilds the gilled Creatures, while scheming to form a Guild  
Thinking the Matter over, he sneaks a Bite, but chooses not to chew

If You like the windy Waftings, and the refreshingly breezy Breeze  
Surely You'll be interested in the Flares with flair  
And the Jeweler, who continually makes a loop with his Loupe in the Air  
He who doesn't want to scratch, takes his leave and flees from the Fleas

The Kids can play the minor gold Miner  
And explore the glittery shaft  
--Don't let yourselves be led to the Lead  
--If You see any gold Flecks, flex down and snatch 'em  
You'll take a load of Gold from the Lode, Quarts of quartz  
& have more than enough Money  
To order a hearty Meal at the Diner

When your Boat full of Preciousness is sinking  
Should You grab an Oar, or the Ore?  
Uhhhm...What is that in the Water, yellow Eye blinking?

If You want to be a Cowboy

There's even a dude Ranch

A Word to the Wise, though:

If You would rather eat a Gourd than *be* gored

Steer clear of the cranky Steers

What about the Cowgirls--Are *they* coy?

What is more beautiful--the Scottish Lochs or her Locks?

Would You consider Lox from the Lochs?

Can the River be secured, that is: Is there a Lock on the Loch?

I can't make it out--He who lends me their Lens will be repaid

With a million-billion Pairs of well-used but serviceable argyle Socks

A Farmer wants to move his Rake

And tries something ultra-strange

He finds he cannot push Hoes through the Hose

Or the whole Hole will get stuffed up

--May as well stay at Home, lounge on the Sofa, and eat Bon Bons--or Cake

After all, Those who have lain on the Lane, and lay with a Lei  
Tend to laze in the lee of the Lea considerably more brilliantly than me  
"What links to the Lynx?" one wonders  
At the end of the Storm, there is a lightening of the Lightning  
And of General Grant, as well as General Lee

If You want to hear a Debate  
Strut on in to the Lyceum  
If You feel disgust at what is discussed (or are simply bored)  
Leave as You came--out through the ornately decorated Gate

Be wary of the Crooks--Not Everyone can be Trusted:  
The Fakir is a faker, A heartless Money maker, and not just a faux Foe  
Let the Cops know if he tries to entice You--he really should get busted

Don't be fazed by this Phase  
What the Cobbler can do for your feted fetid Feet is no mean Feat  
He who goes barefoot shoos (or, more rightly, eschews) the Shoes  
A few Phews--put your Files in the Phial or You will find that You've been fined  
But there's always a silver Lining: They give You a Donut in return--glazed!

Look at the goofy Grandpa, putting around the Course  
His golf-call is a Metaphor for fourfold forced forlornness: "FORE!"  
I'd rather play Tip-in (21), One on One, Around the World, or even Horse

There is no longer any Golf here (apologies to the decrepit and old)  
The Course has been converted to a Picnic Spot  
Place the Tea on the Tee (a tease with the Tees)  
Or if You prefer have Coffee, but don't let it grow too darned cold

You might think that *Everything* is allowed at the Bizarre Bazaar  
But that's just not at all so:  
The Bards were barred from the bare Bear Exhibit, for example  
(Where the better Bettors bet and the Boer Boars are bored by the Boors)  
The Frogs simply say, "Ribbit! Ribbit!" and once more again I must remind You in all earnestness: "Ribbit!"

For those who like a Change  
Especially ones that they can choose  
There is a Weather Machine  
The hale and hearty can stand the Hail while standing in a Pail  
And the Rain falls during the Reign of some Member of Royalty—per'aps You?  
While the Horseman holds the Reins  
Don't be afraid to pet the Dog—he's not likely to have the Mange

Craftsmen are busy in the Village  
The Finnish Carpenter sells finished Furniture  
And the Dane deigns to deliver it  
Sucker fish follow with a Vacuum Cleaner, soaking up any Spillage

Rumors of Danger abound  
"The Moll got mauled at the Mall" some claim  
But it's just a bunch of Malarkey--no Crooks of that sort around!  
So she wasn't, and they didn't, make a single solitary Sound

The pitiful portly Footman  
Injured his dainty Dog (the left one, I think)  
He'll heal his Heel more quickly if he'd heed the Warnings of the Chimney Sweep  
--the *Sootman*!

Can You see the Sea?  
Or seize the Seas?  
If You liken Lichen to Fungus, it'll soon be among Us  
Don't squash that beautiful and busy pollinating Bumblebee!

At the Sporting Goods Store

You can buy all kinds of Balls

None are wholly holy

Or even wholly holey

But a Whiffle Ball comes close--it has no Core!

If You play Tennis or Badminton

They are also into the Racquet Racket

If You can believe their Advertisements

You'll be as cool as Marsalis (Wynton)

Sports Fans anticipated a tough-fought Match, clinging to their Armchairs

The Playing Field teemed with Teams

Causing a tier of Tears among those hoping for a quick Forfeiture

A short walk from there is Buffett's Buzzard Bay

And its Pier with no peer

(Nonpareil miles of Aisles reminiscent of the Leeward Isles)

You could easily spend Hours there--even all Day!

Do You need to go?

In lieu of the Loo, Lou called it a Bathroom

But it doesn't have a Bathtub, You know

Fortunately it does have a certain Glow

Knights riding through the Night--that is not for naught!

They're warning the Sleepers, like Paul Revere did:

"One if by Air, and two if by Internet!"

(Best not wear your urban Turban in front of the rural Mural)

Four hundred and seventy-seven Innocents were all that got caught

If You really like it here, and want to invest

The Homes that are not sold, should at least be leased

(Or You will have to lean on your Lien, and be lone on the Loan)

Be quite careful with your Pocketbook, that would be the best

Behind the Produce Stand

Take a stroll through the Maize Maze

Follow the yellow brick Path--preferably while standing stoically on one Hand!

Larry (not Leo) the Lion has a Bakery on the Square  
He was proud of his Creations, but nervous of their Reception  
His Pride was pried open, and the prize of this treasure was--PIES!  
That brought a whole Crowd running--in the forefront Max, the dancing Bear

It is my wont to want something Chocolate of any given Sunday  
Hot or cold, liquid or solid, sweet or dark, white or dark as night  
A Candy bar, a Brownie, or even (any Day of the Week) a fudge-topped Sundae

At the annual *Queen for a Day* Exhibit  
The Question is duly posed:  
"What is the manner of life at the manor?" pray tell  
Go ahead, woman, tell it out--pay no heed to the heat of inhibit

Beware of Hoteliers who are Pranksters, Practical Jokers and the like  
At the hostile Hostel, in the Inn, the Jambs are sticky with Jams  
And if You can believe the old Dutch stories, the Boy's Finger is still in the Dike

There are all kinds of artistic Types here  
The marine Artist paints a moire of a Moray (not so unlike Monet)  
The Spinner spins a homespun homeopathic Spanner  
And the Brew Master makes polka-dotted Beer

If You want to see a Flick  
Go to the Gaslight Cinema  
Where they play the real deal on the real Reel  
A Marquis on the Marquee  
Clues You in on the Synopsis, quick

I tried to talk to a Girl there  
Who was pretty as a Picture  
She mistook me for a Masher, though  
And sashayed away with her Sachet (oh, no!)  
Ah--what do I care?

I tried it with another  
Who had of me no Fear  
But thought me a fair bit daffy  
(Staid as she was, she stayed behind and stared at the Stairs)  
Me, of all People, insane? Oh, brother!

Listening to Kitty Cats can be Inspirational

The Mews give me the Muse

Their Alley Cat Fathers (deadbeat Dads, if You ask me) are not always as cuddly

Pause before You grab ahold of the kittens' pa's Paws!

Come one, Come all, to the Creative Invitational!

If a Cat were paid in Salmon simply for being Itself

How much would it earn per Purr?

For hissing at its Cousin, scratching at the back Door

Or for lounging on the Shelf?

The Iguanas and other exotic Lizards keep away the Bugs

Which is good for the Confectionery

(For otherwise the Mites might mince the Mints (and the Quints the Quince)

Before hiding, gorged and swollen, under the fancy Persian Rugs)

Have You noticed how Animals spend so much time on grooming?

Mussels with Muscles must have mussed their Corpuscles

They continue intently combing, even when Cannons are booming

Dr. Doolittle's got nothing on Us

The Animals talk here

In a way, anyway

If You ask them if they bet on Human Races

The Horses emphatically say "nay" with a neigh (and besides, they don't cuss!)

Does a Sole have a Soul, some Part thereof, some lump sum?

Is a Fish even a Person at all (Cogito ergo sum)?

Just ask ol' Barney (altered Ego: Don Knotts)

I can feel it in my Tum: He was not, as he looked, so dumb

Do You think a Lizard is just a Snake with Feet?

If the Toad is toed, he can be towed

(and even drive Automobiles--consult "Wind in the Willows" while laying on some Pillows if'n You don't believe)

But a Snake, on the other Hand, has no need of Shoes

For saving on his Clothing Allowance, that's actually pretty neat

When the Tapirs taper, tear the Tare

It is too taut to be taught, anyway and Anywhere

Tell it out in the Streets, if You dare

Some of the Insects are handy  
The Nits can knit, and not a single Knot  
How many nuns? None - just dandy!

But some less popular Bugs can contract Tourette's Syndrome  
The Ticks of a Clock gives some Ticks Tics  
Switching Gears now:  
"Sit on a Potato Pan Otis" is my favorite Palindrome

Be careful how much You spend  
At the Shooting Gallery  
We won one, but oh, We owe  
I'm in the red, I read  
Have You got any Money to lend?

Don't overdo the overdue Dues  
I'm a little strapped for Cash, now  
You might say I have absolutely Nothing to lose

If I had a little more Moolah I'd buy some Accessories  
For my Ride, my Car, my pride and joy  
Excitable Ray peddles his custom Pedals  
While break-dancing on his Knees

For those who want to return to the Days long passed  
When they were saintly Scholars  
Tramp up to the little red School on the Hill  
Where the principle Principal sees no profit in being a Prophet  
So she speaks nevermore of the Future  
But only forevermore of the Past

Some say "Perception is Reality" and "It all depends on your Perspective"  
You're saying that your Yore differs from my Yore? (Don't even ask Eeyore)  
If You deny what has been attested, You can expect some Invective

There have been many famous People named Steve Howe  
But the one I mean to introduce to You was once upon a time Shanghaid  
Through the straight Strait he sailed (or *was* sailed, after having been assailed)  
Awakening and looking over the side, Steve sighed  
Too late to sync the Sink or sue the Sioux for the spicy Soup, or Sous  
In his Gloom and Despair all Steve could manage to mutter and utter  
Was the old Standby: "How now, brown Cow?"

For those interested in Royalty  
There is a regal Fan Store  
Selling (among other Items) prints of the Prince  
As usual: Reigning over the Rain, on a Horse, Reins in hand  
The price? Tuppence, and Loyalty

Do You like this doggerel Story?  
Many surely will not  
The pros don't care for this Prose--it is Anathema, so to speak, to their Nose  
They would rather watch the News, or a Movie quick and gory

"The Words whirred by, and the Wit wasn't worth a whit"

Whither they withered (thither the Horse withers)

Whoa to the Woe

Be gone; begone big On--woebegone!

The whole Hole

The Hole whole

That deters me not one Iota, not one teensy-weensy teeny tiny little microscopic Bit

They will say that We hath wrought Rot

You and I (because You have also by now made yourself part of this Plot, *Dear Reader*)

"He wrote by rote" they will note

And "You read red" they will have said

Feeling dizzy yet? -- Rent a Cot

If it is funny to one Person, it will probably be funny to two, too

Why anybody would voluntarily eat creamed Peas, I haven't a dad-burned Clue

The Physician works on his Manuscript down by the Whaley Wharf

A Doc with his docs, sittin' on the Dock (of the Bay)

The Patients exercise Patience, and have passed the past Day

Waiting for the Sawbones from a Scribe to a Healer to morph

I want to use the word "Rime" in a Rhyme  
Even though it makes no Sense and doesn't belong Here  
You will rue the roux, just as I rued the rude  
That surely is no Crime

Have You ever seen such a Scene?  
If You seek the Sikhs, shake the Sheik  
Surfing with the Serfs, surging through the Serge  
Got a sweet Tooth? -- halve a Jelly Bean, and have Half!

Mary works at Home making Party Dresses  
Her husband Mike grows Clover out past the whitewashed Fences  
The Sewer works Inside, the Sower works Outside  
"Mike gets a better Tan than I" Mary readily confesses

Have You seen the neat Card Trickster?  
With his Slay on the Sleigh, and his Slew in the Slough  
All it takes is a slight sleight of Hand  
He soared with his Sword  
When he came down Cumberbunded—that was the Kickster!

The Russians frown on Thievery  
But don't mind You trekking in their Tracks  
Their Sign says, "Don't steal the Steel! Step lively across the Steppes"  
Who spiked my Cinnamon-sprinkled Caviar? I'm feeling kind of fevery

The Rebel cast the King out, His Highness had his Throne thrown down  
The Rebel's Arm is sore, though--After each throw, a Throe  
Alas! A new Throne! A new King! Oh! No! Just another Clown...

Some want to go off to War  
In far off Lands  
Marshal the Martials  
Who are massed before the Mast with a mean Mien  
To meddle in Medals (are the Belly Buttons of Sailors naval Navels?)  
Oh, the rigors of being a Rigger  
That just makes me sore

If You are nervous in the Tents, You are tense  
The War wore on, because that is where we wear the Wares  
No need to warn--it has already been worn out  
They worship the War-ship  
Maybe You should have stayed behind your Fence

If You don't care for the Vino

Don't whine about the Wine

There's always plenty of Fruit Juice

On Ice in the old Casino

Why did the Whigs wear Wigs while their Wiles wizened but imperceptibly?

All here must be honest, all that stay here cannot deceive

No Tories to tell Stories, or to try to trick us conceptually

Have You heard of the vandalizing Prospector who wrecked the Weather Station with a Bottle of wicked Potion?

He cut a Vein before the Vane--how vain! Now the Vale is veiled!

We will vary the Verses versus him very much. What a vile Vial!

He thinks he's safe in the Belly of the Mountain, scratchin' like a Hound

One Plan is to flood him out with a veritable ocean of Calamine (concocted by that sweet Gal o' mine) Lotion

Do You believe in Remedies made from organic Herbs?

In time, Thyme heals all Heels

And Time wounds all Heels (You can deduce that from their intermittent Squeals)

And all of the formerly hearty, clutching at the Curbs

In a Room of homemade whipped Cream  
That wiggles to the Beat  
Swayed Suede in a sweet Suite  
Is more and also less than a mixed-up, crazy Dream

Be mindful of how You go, be careful where You step  
When walking along the Road, yield to the wheeled  
(Those who wield the wheeled used-to-be newfangled, now nowfangled Contraptions)  
Some Drivers are just as unhinged as Larry, Curly, Moe and Shep

Have You ever heard tell of philosophizing Mammals?  
If there were more Moors, the Moose could eat Mousse  
While carefully investigating the Morals of Morels  
And asking: "Which has more Humps--the hilly Himalayas, or a herd of Camels?"

Egg-centric Herdsmen put Yolks on their Livestock's Yokes  
While Salesmen in strip-ed pants turned the Pockets inside-out of the old Folks  
For their Life Savings, formerly intact, all they ended up with were a couple of Cokes  
Don't laugh no matter what You do--these are not mere Jokes

Once You are ready to get on your way Home

(Once You've canvassed the Canvas, bought your Bit, and bit your Bites)

March backwards through the Parade of Homonyms

Stroll in reverse direction down (or is it up?) Alliteration Alley

Have You changed? Has the Trip altered your Perception, or perhaps your Ego?

Cast a glance in the Mirror: If your Hair is messed up (or is it down?)

Reach for your favorite trusty Comb

On arriving at your Place

Put your haul in the Hall

The bedecked Hangers in the Hangar

and call Harold the Herald

Who'll let everybody know--virtually instantly--where You were and what You did

And cut to the Chase

Come back again Tomorrow

Don't say Goodbye forever--waive the Wave

Come anytime You please

Come just as You are

Back to the Bizarre Bazaar

You might even see the Abominable Snowman, Diogenes, or Zorro